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The Newport Mercury,

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.,
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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1850, and is now in its one hundred and fourth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and has a larger circulation than any other paper published in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of fifty-six columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farm and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men. Terms: \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city. Special rates given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Second Ward School House.

The special committee from the City Council on the new second ward school house have accepted the plans and specifications of the architect, Mr. Creighton Withers, and are now advertising for bidders on the contracts for the construction of the new building. As soon as the contracts are accepted and signed work will be begun and it is believed that this will be some time in the early part of April. The site as selected some time ago is the Stanhope lot on Van Zandt avenue which is considered a very good location from every point of view.

The building will cover 145 feet in length and 60 feet in depth. There will be two stories and an assembly hall besides a large roomy basement. The foundations will be of stone and the walls of brick with granite or blue stone trimmings. The entrance will be from Van Zandt avenue, that for boys on the east and for girls on the west. The doorways are arched and add to the attractiveness of the exterior portion of the building.

The entrance to the basement are in the rear, opening into a bicycle room amply large for the accommodation of many wheels. Beyond this is the lavatory equipped with the latest and best designs in wash bowls and water closets. Each closet is connected directly with the ventilating shaft so that they are designed to be absolutely odorless. In the middle of the basement is the heating apparatus consisting of boiler, which will supply the building with steam heat by both the direct and indirect methods.

On the first floor will be four school rooms 27 feet by 32 feet, each having its separate wardrobe or dressing room. Each room is lighted from two sides and the building will be piped for gas. In the rear of the building on this floor is a small room which may be used for a recreation room, or put to whatever use it may be required for. There are also separate lavatories on each floor for the use of teachers. The second floor will be the same as the first except that there are two small rooms which may be used as storerooms or one of them may be the private room of the principal of the building.

The third floor will be used for one large assembly room 40x50 feet with a raised platform 16x21 feet at the north side between the two stairways. This room will be well lighted on all sides. There will be no forced ventilation in the building but it will be equipped with several large ventilating shafts which will prove ample to remove the foul air. The interior finish will be of rough plaster and the wood work will be of sycamore. The transoms over the doors will be fitted with diamond paint of glass. The two stairways at the north of the building will connect all the floors and will be five feet eight inches in width. The roof will be of slate. This building promises to be a great addition to the school department and is well designed for the comfort and convenience of the pupils and teachers. From the north and west windows may be had a fine view of Narragansett Bay and the harbor, and the south side will command a view of the city.

Mr. George W. Sherman, who accompanied the Newport Artillery Company to Washington on the occasion of the McKinley inauguration and lost a wager at that time to members of the organization, paid up Tuesday night at the Armory with a chowder and cigars. It is needless to say that the affair was a thoroughly enjoyable one.

State Organizer Charles W. Mercer of Providence paid a visit to Block Island on Tuesday of this week on business connected with the tribe of Red Men which it is proposed to institute on the island of "Manitau."

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Colcord of New Bedford, Mass., are visiting friends in this city.

The evening book-keeping classes at the Townsend Industrial School have closed for the season.

Three 10-inch breech loading rifles are being placed in position at Dutch Island.

Republican Caucus.

There was considerable excitement at the ward caucuses of the Republican party Thursday night, the greatest taking place in the fourth ward and some opposition being encountered in the second and third wards. In the fourth ward only was the opposition to the present regime successful.

In the first ward there was an unusually large gathering of voters to indicate their preferences for city committee men and delegates to the city convention. The meeting was called to order promptly at eight o'clock by Mr. Joseph B. Pike, and after the reading of the call, Mr. William Hamilton was elected chairman and Mr. Arthur L. Gilman secretary, both elections being unanimous. For members of the city committee Messrs. Arthur L. Gilman, Herbert O. Albro, Samuel H. Oxx, Wm. Nightingale and Robert P. Hamilton were unanimously elected in the order named. The delegates to the city convention are William Hamilton, Arthur L. Gilman, E. A. Cornell, Albert G. Greff, Jr., and William Nightingale. The election passed off calmly and occupied but a brief time.

In the second ward, the engine room was opened for the accommodation of the crowd and even with this addition of standing room a large number of voters found it more comfortable in the street. Mr. W. A. Peckham called the meeting to order and asked for nominations for chairman with the result that Mr. A. A. Tilley was unanimously elected to that position and Mr. Frank P. King was chosen clerk. The present members of the city committee were re-elected by acclamation, and consist of the following: Messrs. W. A. Peckham, Charles E. Harvey, W. G. Landers, W. H. Jackson, and Thomas B. Congdon. There were two candidates for the first delegate to the city convention, Mr. A. A. Tilley being nominated by Col. A. C. Landers, and Mr. T. P. Peckham by Mr. Charles E. Harvey. Mr. Tilley received 121 votes, Mr. Peckham 84 and there were five scattering. The opposition then gave up and the other four delegates, Edward S. Peckham, William Shepley, John P. Sanborn and George L. Forlin, were elected by acclamation.

For fourth and fifth city committee men and for fourth and fifth delegates from the third ward, ballots were cast but in the other cases the election was unanimous. The result for city committee men was as follows: William P. Sheffield, Jr., Robert S. Franklin, Thatchor T. Bowler, H. W. Cooper, W. A. Burleigh. The following delegates were elected: Robert S. Franklin, T. T. Brown, W. P. Sheffield, Jr., Orin M. Brower, Frank Packard, Eugene Schreier, officiated as chairman and Herbert Bliss as secretary.

In the fourth ward the fight was warm. For chairman of the meeting Mr. M. A. Van Horn was chosen by a majority of 12 votes, and Mr. Robert H. McIntosh elected secretary. Mr. G. A. Eaton and Mr. William S. Lawton were nominated for first city committee man and on the first ballot the vote stood 49 for Lawton, 40 for Eaton and 3 scattering. The chairman announced no election on the ground that a majority was required. There was much exasperation but a second ballot was taken, when it was discovered that more votes were cast than there were men present. On the third ballot Eaton received 50 votes and Lawton 30. For second committeeman Mr. Gish received 43 votes to 23 for Mr. Bardick. The other members of the city committee are J. W. Johnson, P. P. S. Hale, and Robert H. McIntosh. By a vote of 20 to 26 the members of the city committee were elected to serve as delegates to the city convention.

In the fifth ward everything went off smoothly. Mr. James McLeish officiated as chairman and Mr. E. E. Taylor, Jr., as secretary. The delegates and members of the city committee were elected as follows, the only opposition being on fourth and fifth delegates.

City committee—James McLeish, William W. Marvel, E. E. Taylor, Jr., J. J. Taylor, Joseph H. Hall. Delegates—Joseph Taylor, William W. Marvel, J. J. Taylor, Joseph H. Hall, and Arthur B. Marvel.

James P. Harrington of Providence is going D. A. Mitchell of Block Island for \$637 for about 25 months' service at \$25 per month. Harrington is alleged to have formerly in the reform school and was taken from there by Mr. Mitchell. He dates his bill for services from the time he became 21 years of age, which was in 1895. The case was on trial before Judge Douglas in Providence Thursday.

Dr. Horace Williams of Philadelphia has been in town this week.

Mr. George Hutchins of Franklin, Mass., is visiting friends in this city.

The schools closed for a week's vacation yesterday.

Steamer Pilgrim is back on the line once more, the damage which she sustained last week having been repaired.

An Interesting Lecture.

Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, wife of Professor Palmer of Harvard University, delivered a very interesting lecture before the Current Topics Club at Masonic Hall on Wednesday afternoon. Many who are not members of the club availed themselves of the opportunity to procure tickets for the occasion and felt amply repaid. The subject of the lecture was "Bicycle Traveling in Europe" being a story of events in Mrs. Palmer's personal experience on the wheel in foreign countries. Professor and Mrs. Palmer spent a year in Europe and chose the bicycle as the best vehicle for thoroughly studying the country. During their trip through various countries they met with many amusing adventures and some which were more pathetic than laughable. They penetrated at times into districts where the bicycle had never been seen before, and Mrs. Palmer although she had taken her first riding lesson but a comparatively short time before, was once called upon to give an exhibition before a skeptical native. In her lecture Mrs. Palmer described graphically the habits and customs of the country through which she passed and spoke of the surprise of many inhabitants at seeing a woman riding a bicycle.

Twentieth Anniversary.

Coronet Council, No. 63, Royal Arcanum, will celebrate the twentieth anniversary of its institution at Odd Fellows Hall Friday evening, March 23. The committee in charge of the celebration is composed of Messrs. John P. Peckham, Frank W. Casler, William Allen, Thomas Moon, A. H. Cornell, Herbert Nason, A. E. B. Davis, J. H. Taylor, John E. Dickson and J. W. Langley. The entertainment will consist of vocal and instrumental music and readings, to be followed by a collation and dancing.

Election of Officers.

Congregation Bethel Trust. President—Eugene Schreier. Vice President—Louis Hess. Secretary—Rev. David Hatch. Trustees—Henry Hess, William Wolner, John Engel.

An Important Arrest.

William Myers, a young man of varied occupations and of a general sporting character, who hails from New Haven, Conn., has been arrested by the police as a suspicious character, being suspected of a serious crime in Providence. When arrested yesterday morning he told a different story to the police from that related to acquaintances here and his actions were regarded as very much against him. The Providence police have been communicated with and it is possible that his identification may follow. His story as related to acquaintances here was that he was in Providence a few days ago and went from there on his wheel to Fall River and came here on the train intending to take the Fall River Line to New York last night. He stated to the police however that he had not been in Providence recently.

The special committee of the city council appointed to consider the question of a new crematorium, will report adversely on the subject, but instead will recommend the purchase of latest improved sanitary dump carts and a new saw from which the escape of odors will be impossible. This will, in the estimation of the committee, be a satisfactory solution of the evil question. The crematoriums are regarded as unsatisfactory because they are as yet in the experimental stage.

Captain W. F. Kilgore, who was attached to revenue cutter Dexter as first lieutenant while that vessel was stationed here, has been detached from the command of the Boatwell and ordered to command the Perry on the Pacific coast, relieving Captain M. L. Phillips, who was formerly in command of the Dexter.

The City Council Committee on the new school house for the Second Ward have advertised for bids for its construction from plans by Architect Withers. The work is to be done by Newport mechanics.

Mrs. Fred Greene of Warren, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Easton of this city, has passed through a very successful operation at the hospital in Providence.

Mr. James A. Greene left on Tuesday for Fairhaven, British Columbia, which is about three hundred miles from the northern boundary of the state of Washington.

Simon Hazard has rented for Wm. F. Adams the upper half of his house on Bradford avenue to Francis E. Holleran.

Next Thursday will be St. Patrick's Day, but as yet no mention has been made of a celebration by the local Irish societies.

Captain T. P. Jewell, at one time stationed at the Torpedo Station here, has been ordered to the command of the Minneapolis.

Official Visitation.

Tuesday evening Minniea Council, No. 3, Degree of Pochontas, received an official visitation from the Great Chiefs of the Great Council of Rhode Island consisting of Acting Great Sachem Frank G. Scott, Great Prophet Clifford J. Dean, Great Chief of Records Louis I. Stevens, Great Keeper of Wampum Charles O. Phillips, Great Guard of the Wicwam Tancy G. Andrews and Great Guard of the Forest Hugh N. Gifford, accompanied by Great Tookson of the Great Council of the United States James H. Barney. After a cordial greeting by the Pochontas of the Council, Mrs. Charles F. Harrington, "long talks" were in order and the visiting great chiefs made some very interesting remarks. They were followed by remarks from members of the Council, after which, upon the conclusion of the business session, a social session was in order. Progressive whist was participated in by eleven tables, those not caring for whist enjoying themselves at other games. The first prizes were won by Mrs. John Dugan and Mr. Clifford J. Dean and the consolation by Miss Mabel Barney and Mr. Charles F. Harrington. A beautiful collation was then served, after which the party amused themselves with dancing and social conversation until the wee sma' hours. Mrs. Louis I. Stevens, of Valley Falls, was a guest of the Council on that evening.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

Simon Hazard has sold for Francis S. & Stephen P. Barker, Jr., a lot of land on the westerly side of Gibbs avenue to Anna Maria E. Hedberg. The lot is bounded northerly on Gardiner street, 80 feet; easterly on Gibbs avenue 45 feet; southerly on land of Louis W. Riggs 50 feet; and westerly on other land of the grantors 45 feet.

Deblols & Eldridge have rented for Miss O. Oxydon Jones her villa on Ruggles avenue and the Cliff, Oxbow Point, known as "Mid Cliff," to Arthur T. Kemp for the coming season.

H. L. Dyer has rented for the Smith owners the two stores at 155-57 Prospect Hill street, to E. M. Vincent.

Dr. Thomas Bradley of New York has rented through Charles T. Knowles, the cottages owned by the estate of Ida W. Knowles for the season of 1898.

E. A. Moore has sold to Andrew Christman, for Josephine Jester, her cottage on Vernon avenue.

Owen C. McDonald has sold to Richard Fitzgerald the estate on Clifton avenue, measuring 60 by 91 feet, and Richard Fitzgerald has sold the same to Elizabeth C. McDonald.

Jeremiah J. Lebane has sold the estate on Harrison avenue, measuring 50 by 100 feet, to Richard Fitzgerald, and the latter has sold the same to Elizabeth J. Lebane.

Mrs. Emma R. Martin has rented through the agency of Charles T. Knowles the Lionel H. Champlin cottage at Jamestown for the season of 1898.

Mrs. Mary Foley, who was committed to the state insane asylum on Saturday of last week, died at that institution on Tuesday. Mrs. Foley lived alone in a small tenement off Spruce street, and her sister found her last Saturday, sick and her mind evidently gone. The authorities were notified, and ordered her committed Friday. Saturday she was taken to the asylum and \$1,000 in bills was found secured about her person. On Monday, upon application of relatives, Rev. L. J. Dwyer of St. Joseph's church was appointed custodian of the money.

Under the auspices of the Onward Society of the Thames street M. E. church the Sunday school classes of Mrs. Charles B. Goddard and Miss May Anthony gave a delightful entertainment Tuesday evening. The chapel, where the entertainment was given, was prettily decorated and a carefully arranged and well executed programme of vocal and instrumental music and readings by members of the classes, assisted by Miss Sadie Lewis, was presented.

Mr. Lawrence W. Hazard, grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Hazard of this city, was this week married in Brookline, Mass., to Miss Beale D. Williams of Allston, Mass. Though a native of Newport, Mr. Hazard has made his home in Boston for a number of years.

Richard Reynolds died at his home on Warner street and Barnside avenue on Thursday. He was for many years engaged in the gardener's and florist's business, and accumulated by industry quite a property. He leaves a widow and married daughter.

Lemuel B. Sprague, one of the prominent business men of Block Island, died at his home on the island Sunday afternoon. He was a member of Neptune Lodge, I. O. O. F.

Mr. P. J. Gisham, catcher of last season's base ball team, has been in town this week.

Mr. James H. Drury is spending his annual vacation in Florida.

Gov. Dyer Visits Washington.

Gov. Dyer has been in Washington this week. A Washington despatch says to this effect:

One object of his brief visit was to secure the cooperation of the Federal Government in placing the State militia in a condition to respond without delay to a call for their services. The men, the Governor says, are ready now, but some supplies are lacking to complete their equipment. In order to secure these at the earliest possible moment the Governor visited the War Department and obtained permission from the authorities to dispense with the usual encampment, and to devote the funds available for that purpose to the purchase of the necessary supplies.

The Governor also followed up his efforts begun some days ago in cooperation with the State delegation in Congress to have the War Department provide four modern breech-loading steel field guns for the use of Battery A of the Rhode Island militia, formerly the Providence Marine Corps of Artillery, "white" in his own words, "from the very beginning of the late Civil War furnished to the United States so many superb batteries of distinguished and gallant officers and men." Gen. Flagler, Chief of the Ordnance Bureau of the Army, has informed Mr. Ball that he has no authority as yet to issue a new equipment for the use of Battery A, except the authorities conferred under the act making an annual appropriation for arming and equipping the militia. Under this law \$350,45 was allotted to Rhode Island last year, but of that sum only \$122,27 remains unexpended, an amount insufficient to provide the battery desired, which Gen. Flagler shows would cost nearly \$17,000.

Under three circumstances the power to provide Battery A with the modern equipment sought rests with the President. His co-operation was sought today, and the Congressional delegation will urge him to exercise it. In case of war the equipment would of course be supplied at once; but it is felt desirable to have the guns supplied now in order that the men may learn how to handle the weapons at all times. At present they are armed only with old and unserviceable pieces that become obsolete at the close of the Civil War.

Gov. Dyer also made inquiries as to the conditions of the coast defenses of the State. While much has been done to guard the entrances to Narragansett Bay by means of torpedoes in the water, and a number of batteries on the island, plans for which were completed many months ago, the Government has for some time been seriously hampered by private parties in its efforts to construct these fortifications. Condemnation proceedings have been decided upon, however, and Gov. Dyer and Senator Aldrich to-day received assurances at the Department of Justice that proceedings would be pushed as vigorously and as speedily as possible. After visiting the departments on these matters the Governor, accompanied by his staff, called to pay his respects to the President, and in the course of the interview took occasion to assure the Executive that Rhode Island stood ready to support him enthusiastically in any action he might see fit to take in the event of war. The President responded graciously, and expressed his full confidence that if the occasion should arise Rhode Island's sons would do their duty.

DEATHS OF THE WEEK.

Mrs. Sarah J. Tanner. Mrs. Sarah J. wife of Mr. Frederick A. Tanner, died at her home on Mann avenue Saturday night. Mrs. Tanner was a most estimable lady and left a wide circle of friends to mourn her loss. Her funeral was solemnized Tuesday afternoon, Rev. B. G. Boardman and Rev. J. H. Allen officiating. The members of No. 4 fire engine company, of which Mr. Tanner is captain, attended in a body.

James H. Wilson. James H. Wilson died at his home on Mann avenue Saturday night after a long illness. Until about four years ago Mr. Wilson had been engaged in the carriage manufacturing and wheelwrighting business for nearly half a century. About four years ago he was compelled by illness to retire from business. He was in the eightieth year of his age and leaves a widow, eight children and a number of grandchildren. His funeral was solemnized Wednesday afternoon, Rev. Dr. Randolph of the Central Baptist church officiating.

William P. Sullivan. William P. Sullivan, who was very well known and respected in Irish-American circles in this city died Monday night at his home on Kinley's wharf, of heart disease, after an illness of several months. He leaves a widow, a daughter of the late Captain Connolly. His funeral was solemnized Wednesday morning from St. Mary's Church, where a solemn high requiem mass was celebrated by Rev. Dr. Grace, assisted by Fathers Tully and Cronan. The Patrick Sarsfield Association and Court Pride of the city, of which the deceased was a member, attended in a body. The bearers were Thomas Ryan, Peter McCann and Louis Shaffer, from Court Pride, and Michael Nolan, Dennis McMahon and Patrick O'Brien from the Sarsfields.

Michael Leary. Michael Leary, who recently underwent an operation at the Newport Hospital, died at that institution on Tuesday. The operation was successful but Mr. Leary lacked the strength to rally after it. The deceased was 63 years of age and was well known in this city. He leaves several children.

PORTSMOUTH GROVE DURING THE WAR.

Lovell General Hospital as I Remember It.

BY D. C. DENHAM.

(Continued.)

Dec. 25, 1862.—Here it is Christmas. So many new faces coming and going and so much attention had to be given them, that time passes rapidly. Although we wish people a Happy or Merry Christmas, yet we can only see the sad side at Portsmouth Grove, such a one is dying of typhoid fever, or one very low from having his leg taken off, or Johnny, the young drummer boy, is paralyzed so that he has lost the use of both arms, and only 17 years old; yet God does care for us, even when he chastises the Nation, perhaps on account of our keeping slaves in bondage or some other sin, yet we feel his care to day in the little diners furnished us through the efforts of Miss Vornley. Over 200 turkeys and geese, roast beef, plum pie, in the great mess hall for the convalescents, and the sick in their wards were not forgotten. Tables were set for them in their wards, and chicken, roasted, stewed or in soups, were served, enough for all. Benjamin J. Tully was also entitled to much credit for his assistance, with turkeys and potatoes, and his genial face among them, going from ward to ward, while kind words for his boys. He also sent up a lot of Ephraim Irish's mince and pumpkin pie. As these pies are said to make Newporters' mouths water, you may know that they were enjoyed there. There were many other nice pies that came from Newport. You would think so if you could see the many happy faces. We had also cake, apples, and preserves, some coming from Providence, some from New Bedford. We have a dis surgeon in charge, Dr. Lewis A. Edwards of the regular army, the ranks as Lieut. Colonel and is a very fine looking man, a little over 6 feet in height and well proportioned. He knows his business and is bringing order out of chaos. All the wards are up and covered (28 of them) and are in use. He is a strict disciplinarian and wants everyone to attend at all times to their business, no talking, everything in its system now. His communications are terse, yet pleasant, and if any one neglects his duty Dr. Edwards's knowledge and wants to know why. Things go so much better that we like him. Orders have been given that there must be no more promiscuous giving to the sick and feeble. None is allowed, except on permission of the surgeon in charge of the ward, or perhaps the physician in the ward. Several deaths were accounted for by the free giving of food to the sick. Some of the visitors from Fall River, and perhaps from other places, brought bottles of liquor and passed them around. Lovell General Hospital, Portsmouth Grove, R. I., is now an established fact, and in good running order, although established July 10th, 1862. Many new convalescent wards have been added to the wards and a number of out-patients. Every thing is improved. A contract doctor is one who is not in the Regular Army, but is hired by the month, perhaps for as long as the war lasts, but some of these are veterans while others are young men. The doctors now in the Hospital are Dr. Lewis A. Edwards, Surgeon in charge; Dr. W. E. Gorrick, Executive Officer; Doctors Remington, Taylor, Lang, Farwell, Wilson, Coolidge, Ogden, Cushing and Butler, Dental Surgeons, Mr. Truman, Therapist, McKnighton, Knowles, Grey and Howard; clerks in the office, R. R. Bates, (now dead), Caleb Mott, and A. L. Stone (now a lawyer in Lawrence, Mass.). The orderlies are G. E. Ash and Thos. Griffith. The chaplain is Rev. Mr. Proutt; he is chaplain, Dr. Morrill leads the choir, Miss Cole and Mrs. Denham are the female members of it. Dr. Edwards set us an example in attending with his hands and feet and the women. The women nurses are Miss Smith of North Attleboro, Mrs. and Miss Agnes Wilbur, Mrs. M. A. Atkinson, Mrs. G. R. Dusham, Miss Catherine Deane, of Newport, Miss A. M. Stout (now of Fall River) Miss Hazard of Massachusetts or Rhode Island, and three Miss Brewsters of Plymouth, Mass., descendants of Elder Brewster of the Mayflower. I forgot to speak of another descendant of the Plymouth Pilgrims, John T. Deane (De la Noye) who was here as executive, with that squad of men from the U. S. Frigate Constitution and helped erect the tent. Army Mastermason Watson has been here and paid off soldiers who had their descriptive lists. Some of them have had no pay for nine months, so that they have a lot of money. The Newport Artillery are here on guard again and are to be succeeded by the Providence Artillery. I think that will be the last of citizens needed, as a guard of convalescent soldiers have been formed of about 150 enlisted men who will do the duty. The soldiers are rather jealous of being guarded by men as they say, "who have not even smelt powder." Over 200 men, altogether, have been returned to their regiments, so you see the hospital is doing good work; nearly 4000 have been received of sick and wounded making nearly 1800 or 1700 boys now.

1863.—The steamer Daniel Webster has been here from Aquia Creek with about 200 sick, some of whom belong to this State. Thomas Lake and Orland Froborn of Newport are among them. There are said to be over a hundred graves now in our burial ground. Think of the anxious at home. The men in the different wards are of course constantly changing, many ones coming in and the old ones as they get well going out to the front (rest of war). Of course among so many men you will find some mischievous or roguish, some are sulky and quarrelsome and a few are ugly and quarrelsome, "an idiom in the Devil's work shop," and as a soldier gets nearly well so that he does not need much care, and is able to do some work around the hospital he is often sent to Ward 14 to sleep. All the help in the kitchen, mess hall, laundry, the teamsters, etc., sleep in Ward 14, but they have employment only 3 or 4 or perhaps 6 hours a day, so there are many idle moments, and to pass the time away, they are allowed to play checkers or games of cards (not for money) in the respective wards, and Ward 14 is filled with these men, from perhaps an hour after breakfast until an hour before dinner, and the same in the afternoon. Nearly all of them chew tobacco and play cards. Every ward, except 13 and 14, has a contract doctor in charge, but ward 13 has a Sergeant of the Maine Guards, while Ward 15 is in charge of the ward master.

Now every day in the week, the doctors take turns as officers of the day, and visit every ward in its turn, and inspect it, as to its cleanliness and care. I had been, when first on the grounds, stationed in Ward 28, to the extreme right of the line. One day the doctor in charge of Ward 14 informed me that Surgeon Edwards wanted me to report to headquarters. I asked politely why. He said that they had so much trouble at Ward 14, they had to keep changing ward masters; no one could keep the ward clean, or keep the men in order, and Dr. Edwards had acquired of the ward doctors if any of them had a man whom he could recommend as ward master of Ward 14, and he had recommended me. I knew the reputation of this Wardmaster told Mr. Price that I was very sorry for his recommendation. There were 120 well men in the Ward and it was difficult to keep them quiet; but Dr. Price said he thought I could get along with them and I knew I had to obey orders, so I went up to Dr. Edwards' office and reported myself. As at the time, small and light of body, Dr. Edwards wanted to know what rank I had when in the army. I said only a private. He was 5 ft. tall and looked down on me a little doubtfully, and said, "Do you think you can get along with those men, and bring the ward up as it should be?" I said "I can try." "Well," he said, "that is all anyone can do. Report to Dr. Gorrick, the executive officer, Mr. Gorrick went over to Ward 14 with me, and told the ward master (Sergeant Joe Knight of some New York State cavalry regiment) to turn Ward 14 over to me, and then go to Ward 1 and take my place. I was acquainted with Joe. He was a large, kind-hearted fellow, well weighed probably 225 pounds, and he expressed sorrow that a should be placed in such a bad position, said if any more could get along, I should try, for he even he could not satisfy those in authority. I told him I was sorry to supersede him, but you know we have to obey orders in the army. Well Joe gave me all the assistance he could, and reported to Ward 1, while I took charge of Ward 14 near the center of the ground, close to headquarters, and almost under the eye of the superior officer. Well, that evening when I had just about called the roll, for the first time, I called the roll, and made them a short speech asking every man to obey the rules of the hospital, so that there would be no more trouble. If each one should do his part, we could have as good a Ward as there was on the whole grounds, but if they did not obey the rules, the man that made the trouble would have to leave it, for the ward master had got through wearing trouble while whole ward. Every man is supposed to be led by him at 6 o'clock when tattoo is beaten, or played on a trumpet, and all talking loud, or making unnecessary noise must cease for the night. The men were in bed and I in my room, but the talking did not cease.

PORTSMOUTH.

Mr. R. A. Dailod, of Providence, bought the Ana B. Anthony farm, on Tuesday, at public auction, for \$7500. As Mr. Dailod already has a fine newly built residence near Bristol Ferry, it is most likely some one else will occupy the recent purchase.

The funeral services of Arthur S. Huling were held at the residence of his father, Mr. Andrew J. Huling, on the West Main road on Tuesday last at 12:00. The Rev. J. Sturgis Pearce assisted by the Rev. George H. Patterson conducting the services. Mrs. Carrie D. Spooner and Miss Ella K. Martland, of Newport, sang "Lead Kindly Light" and "Peacefully Sleep." The burial was in the Middletown cemetery. Mr. Huling was a member of Oakland Lodge, No. 32, I. O. O. F., being inside Guardian. The members were present in a body and performed their ritual at the grave.

The employees of the George E. Vernon Co., have formed a mutual relief association, similar to that of the employees of the Old Colony Company and of those in other cities. The men pay a regular assessment, and from this money are paid \$1 a week when sick, and their families are paid a regular benefit on their death. John Anderson has been elected president, Jethro Richardson vice president, George C. Snitzer secretary and Gustaf L. Peterson treasurer.

"The Tarrytown Widow" which played at the Opera house Wednesday evening for the benefit of the sick fund of Redwood Lodge, Knights of Pythias, was largely attended and netted that fund a considerable sum.

Mrs. George W. Swinburne and Master Wey Swinburne, of this city, who have been visiting friends in New York, this week left for Pensacola, Fla., for a three months' visit.

Mrs. James T. Peckham of Middle-town has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. W. L. Tilley in this city, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Johnson of Providence are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Babcock on Broadway, Mass.

Mr. W. H. Keith is entertaining Dr. and Mrs. R. A. Pierce of Grafton, Mass.

Miss Sadie Bailey has been confined to her home this week with a sore throat.

Mr. Thomas Shepley is confined to his home by illness.

Miss Sue B. Clarke is visiting relatives in New York.

filled with these men, from perhaps an hour after breakfast until an hour before dinner, and the same in the afternoon. Nearly all of them chew tobacco and play cards. Every ward, except 13 and 14, has a contract doctor in charge, but ward 13 has a Sergeant of the Maine Guards, while Ward 15 is in charge of the ward master.

Now every day in the week, the doctors take turns as officers of the day, and visit every ward in its turn, and inspect it, as to its cleanliness and care. I had been, when first on the grounds, stationed in Ward 28, to the extreme right of the line. One day the doctor in charge of Ward 14 informed me that Surgeon Edwards wanted me to report to headquarters. I asked politely why. He said that they had so much trouble at Ward 14, they had to keep changing ward masters; no one could keep the ward clean, or keep the men in order, and Dr. Edwards had acquired of the ward doctors if any of them had a man whom he could recommend as ward master of Ward 14, and he had recommended me. I knew the reputation of this Wardmaster told Mr. Price that I was very sorry for his recommendation. There were 120 well men in the Ward and it was difficult to keep them quiet; but Dr. Price said he thought I could get along with them and I knew I had to obey orders, so I went up to Dr. Edwards' office and reported myself. As at the time, small and light of body, Dr. Edwards wanted to know what rank I had when in the army. I said only a private. He was 5 ft. tall and looked down on me a little doubtfully, and said, "Do you think you can get along with those men, and bring the ward up as it should be?" I said "I can try." "Well," he said, "that is all anyone can do. Report to Dr. Gorrick, the executive officer, Mr. Gorrick went over to Ward 14 with me, and told the ward master (Sergeant Joe Knight of some New York State cavalry regiment) to turn Ward 14 over to me, and then go to Ward 1 and take my place. I was acquainted with Joe. He was a large, kind-hearted fellow, well weighed probably 225 pounds, and he expressed sorrow that a should be placed in such a bad position, said if any more could get along, I should try, for he even he could not satisfy those in authority. I told him I was sorry to supersede him, but you know we have to obey orders in the army. Well Joe gave me all the assistance he could, and reported to Ward 1, while I took charge of Ward 14 near the center of the ground, close to headquarters, and almost under the eye of the superior officer. Well, that evening when I had just about called the roll, for the first time, I called the roll, and made them a short speech asking every man to obey the rules of the hospital, so that there would be no more trouble. If each one should do his part, we could have as good a Ward as there was on the whole grounds, but if they did not obey the rules, the man that made the trouble would have to leave it, for the ward master had got through wearing trouble while whole ward. Every man is supposed to be led by him at 6 o'clock when tattoo is beaten, or played on a trumpet, and all talking loud, or making unnecessary noise must cease for the night. The men were in bed and I in my room, but the talking did not cease.

PORTSMOUTH.

Mr. R. A. Dailod, of Providence, bought the Ana B. Anthony farm, on Tuesday, at public auction, for \$7500. As Mr. Dailod already has a fine newly built residence near Bristol Ferry, it is most likely some one else will occupy the recent purchase.

The funeral services of Arthur S. Huling were held at the residence of his father, Mr. Andrew J. Huling, on the West Main road on Tuesday last at 12:00. The Rev. J. Sturgis Pearce assisted by the Rev. George H. Patterson conducting the services. Mrs. Carrie D. Spooner and Miss Ella K. Martland, of Newport, sang "Lead Kindly Light" and "Peacefully Sleep." The burial was in the Middletown cemetery. Mr. Huling was a member of Oakland Lodge, No. 32, I. O. O. F., being inside Guardian. The members were present in a body and performed their ritual at the grave.

The employees of the George E. Vernon Co., have formed a mutual relief association, similar to that of the employees of the Old Colony Company and of those in other cities. The men pay a regular assessment, and from this money are paid \$1 a week when sick, and their families are paid a regular benefit on their death. John Anderson has been elected president, Jethro Richardson vice president, George C. Snitzer secretary and Gustaf L. Peterson treasurer.

THE TIME IN PEKING.

For two days the doctor's features had worn an expression of gravity as he bent over the bed of my sick friend, but now, as I watched him closely, the strong face relaxed, and as he raised his head I saw the light of satisfaction in his kindly eyes.

His hat, stick and gloves lay on the dressing case, and as he crossed the room to take them he marked my look of eager inquiry, and, pausing abruptly, laid his hand on my shoulder.

"We're doing splendidly, famously, my dear boy, famously. It literature falls you, come to me, and I will give you your credentials as a nurse. Florence Nightingale could not have done better."

"The worst is over, then?" I asked.

"Yes, I believe we can put him through—between us." He paused, and as he turned once more toward his patient his face grew grave again.

"I think the crisis is passed," he said, quietly. "All that any mortal physician can do for him has been done. Nature alone must supply the restorative he needs. He must sleep. I have just given him a sedative, and he ought soon to be under its influence. Keep the light turned down, and do not allow him to talk. Sleep is imperative. He must have sleep."

He stopped lightly to the dressing case, and as he raised his gloves a dust-covered heap of manuscripts caught his eye. He chuckled softly and shook his head.

"Odd people, you Americans," he said, with a smile. "Is our poor literature so impoverished that you must needs install Yankee blood into its veins?"

I was looking at the pale face of poor Tom and did not reply.

"Ah, well," said the cheery doctor as he appropriated his hat and stick and advanced, with extended hand, "the fairy voices of the Howells are far reaching, and I hope that they will one day ring as merry changes for two Yankee lads as they did for that fortunate young beggar, Dick Whittington. Good-night, my boy, good-night. I'll see you in the morning. Now, now, remember!"

He put his finger to his lips and a moment later he was gone.

I closed the door gently and returned to the bedside of my friend. His eyes were closed, and, believing that the sedative had already begun its work, I turned to the gas jet and turned down the light. Then, seating myself before the grate, I revitalized the dying embers and put on two or three more pieces of coal.

For several minutes all was still, then I heard a movement among the bedclothes, and a few moments later the voice of my sick roommate:

"Hal."

"Yes, Tom."

"Has the doctor gone?"

"Yes, he left just now. You must go to sleep, old chap."

There was another movement on the bed, then all was still again and I had just begun mentally to congratulate the doctor on the efficiency of his prescription when I heard my name pronounced.

"What is it, Tom?" I asked a little impatiently.

"What time is it?"

"Half-past 4."

"In the afternoon?"

"Yes."

"What makes it so dark?"

"It's the fog. Come now, old boy, you must be quiet. The doctor says you must have sleep. The worst is over, and five or six hours of rest will make you your old self again."

He did not reply at once, but at the expiration of two or three minutes he asked:

"What time is it in New York now, Hal?"

"You must stop it, Tom," I commanded, but immediately relenting I continued, "About 12:30."

"It is Saturday," said Tom. "Saturday, isn't it? In six hours more the old crowd will be in the restaurant in Mall's. I can see them all—old Gaynor, George Leslie, Barrett and Bess."

"Now, Tom—"

"Come here, old chap."

I rose, and, going to the bed, placed my fingers on my friend's lips. He took them in his wasted hand, and as he removed them his grasp tightened, and he smiled.

"All right, Hal. I'll be quiet now. Good night."

I returned to my chair, and for ten minutes nothing save the ticking of the clock broke the stillness of the room. Then there was once more an ominous movement on the bed.

"It's funny, isn't it, this difference in time?" he murmured. "In Chicago it is an hour earlier still."

There was a pause.

"What time is it in San Francisco, Hal?"

"Oh, I don't know, Tom. About two hours earlier, I guess. Why don't you go to sleep?"

"That would make it about half past 8."

He paused, but a few moments later I heard him muttering to himself.

"Confound it, old chap," I began.

"I was just trying to figure it out," he went on. "It takes twenty-four hours for the world to make a complete revolution. Where do they begin to reckon the time away?"

"Oh, I don't know, let's see, Greenwich, I believe—yes, Greenwich, I am sure. Now for Heaven's sake, go."

"Well, if it's half past 4 at Greenwich what time is it on the other side of the world—in China? What time is it in Peking, Hal?"

"Hang it, Tom," I said, rising impatiently.

"Tell me, old boy. I want to know."

"About half past 6," I hazarded.

"That can't be right, you know. There is a screw loose somewhere. It can't be that—"

I concluded that arguing with the poor fellow would be in vain, so I

returned to my chair.

"Hal,"

"I did not respond."

"What time is it in Peking?"

I jumped up quickly and went to the bed.

"Now, see here, Tom, this sort of thing is utterly absurd. Your life is hanging by the merest thread. All you need is sleep. We have all done what we could, and now you will have to take a hand yourself. What the deuce have you to do with time or Peking now? Come, go to sleep. There's a good fellow."

"I know I'm acting like an ass, old boy, but I can't get the infernal thing out of my head. If I could figure it out, I would be all right, for I do feel a bit sleepy."

"Well, I'll see if the old lady knows," I said, indignantly. "What am I to ask her?"

"The time in Peking," he said feebly.

"All right," I replied. Then I ran downstairs to the landlady.

Mrs. Stammer, Tom wants to know what time it is in Peking."

"Lord bless me, Mr. Carson, 'ow should—"

"Got a geography—encyclopedia, almost any old book will tell."

"Why, I don't got no books. Maybe the children—"

Just then two of her youngsters came tumbling into the room.

"Freddie, go for the doctor," I said, desperately.

"Nell, run over the way and get a geography. Here, take this from door to door till you get what it calls for."

I wrote a brief note explaining the circumstances, and got the children off. Then I went upstairs.

One glance at poor Tom gave me to understand that the dreaded fever had again asserted itself. His eyes were supernaturally bright, and as I entered the room his features wore a look of unrestrained anxiety.

"Well," he asked irritably, "didn't you find out?"

"Not yet, but I'll have some books here in a minute."

In two or three minutes I heard the sound of rapid footsteps on the stairs, and hastened to the door. I met the grocer's wife.

"I hurried as fast as I could," she gasped. "I saw Nell, and—here is the book. Poor boy! Shall I go in?"

I seized the book, and, perceiving that it was a ready reckoner, I returned it forthwith to its owner.

Other steps were now heard on the stairs, and in a few minutes the narrow hallway and even the room itself was thronged with sympathetic neighbors, who had placed themselves and their meagre libraries at my service.

All, however, failed to contribute any information which would meet the exacting demands of the invalid. The floor was strewn with all sorts of literature, varying from toy picture books, containing pictures of Chinamen, to technical works on navigation and household economy, but still the feeble voice which emanated from the bed inspired me to clamor for more.

I cursed the inherent ignorance of the Anglo-Saxon race. I railed, stormed, perspired and trembled for the safety of my friend. But all was no avail.

Finally I heard a murmur in the hall. The doctor had come.

Leaping forward I seized him by the lapel of his coat.

"What is the time in Peking?" I cried in his ear.

"What is the time in Peking?" demanded Mrs. Stammer, barring his way to the bed.

"How the devil should I know?" exclaimed the astonished doctor as he made his way through the group that surrounded his patient.

"Here it is! Here it is!" shouted a voice in the hall, and an old white-haired gentleman, with a book in his hand, was pushed by a dozen eager hands into the room.

The volume was opened, and the desired information was before my eyes.

"At last!" I exclaimed. "Here, doctor, I have it. It is—"

"Hush!" said a warning voice.

A moment later the hand of the English physician was laid gently on my shoulder.

"He knows, my boy. He knows."

Irregular Winters Kill Insects.

According to experiments made in a cold storage establishment, in Washington, by Dr. A. M. Read, an alternation of low temperature, say 18 deg. Fahrenheit, with a comparatively high one, say 40 to 50 deg. Fahrenheit, invariably kills the larvae of certain injurious insects, although they are not injured by a continuous exposure to the lower temperature. This confirms an old belief, long held by farmers, that a steadily cold winter is followed by an abundance of insect pests, but that during an irregular winter, when the temperature is alternately high and low insects are killed off.

How the Brahmin Cleans His Teeth.

When the Brahmin cleans his teeth he must use a small twig cut from one of a number of certain trees, and before he cuts it he must make his act known to the gods of the woods.

He must not indulge in this cleanly habit every day. He must abstain on the 6th, the 8th, the 9th, the 14th, the 15th, and the last day of the moon, on the days of new and full moon, on the Tuesday in every week, on the day of the constellation under which he was born, on the day of the week and on the day of the month which correspond with those of his birth, at an eclipse, at the conjunction of the planets, at the equinoxes, and other unlucky epochs, and also on the anniversary of the death of his father or mother.

Any one who cleans his teeth with this bit of stick on any of the above mentioned days will have hell as his portion.

The Lytton Motto.

The family motto of the Bulwer Lytton house is singularly inappropriate for people whose fame has been won with pen instead of with sword. It is, "This is the work of valor."

THE DEATH SCENE.

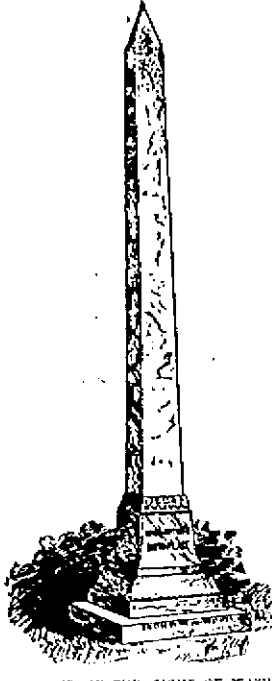
With the Words, "It is Well," Upon His Lips He Peacefully Expired.

Amid tears and cheers and the warm good-byes of friends and followers, George Washington laid aside the cares of office and went back to his farm in Virginia—that Mount Vernon farm toward which his thoughts and desires had so often turned through the eight years of his busy and anxious life as president.

So he mended and repaired and built and extended, or looked after his broad plantations, glad to get back to the free, busy, out-of-door life he had always loved.

Washington was now nearly sixty-eight; he seemed to be as well, as strong and as vigorous as ever; he had scarcely ever been ill; there was not the least sign that sickness could lay him low, and he rode and walked and looked after things on his farm and conducted the affairs of the army as wisely and as well as ever.

Just one cloudy day in December, 1799—the twelfth of the month—just after he had finished a letter urging the establishment of the school for soldiers, now known as the Military Academy at West Point, he mounted his horse and rode away to visit different points of his big farm where work was being done. A snow storm



MONUMENT ON THE RIGHT OF WASHINGTON'S BIRTHPLACE.

AMERICAN BEEF IN ENGLAND.

Sold by Butchers for the Prime English or Scotch Product.

"That's a fine cut of beef. Where does it come from?"

The Chelsea butcher eyed me shrewdly.

"Never mind," I said; "you can tell me the truth just as well as not. I don't buy beef in London, and I won't peach on you. It's prime-looking beef. Where does it come from?"

"To tell you the truth, sir—but I don't breathe such things along King's road; it'd never do, sir—but to tell you the truth, that's American beef. Y'see, if we sell it for American beef, we keep it; but if we sell it as English or prime Scotch, it goes. The best prime roast beef we get in London to-day is raised in America. If it comes over on the hoof it ain't so good unless it gets three months' English feed on this side. Sometimes when it comes in cold storage it's too ripe and must be sold short off the day it's exposed, else it falls in flavor. But when it's cured right and shipped prompt there's none better—only—"

With a shake of his curly head and a keen wink, "only it's prime English roast or Scottish, sir."

King's road is a long lane in Chelsea—a thriving, bustling thoroughfare that supplies southwest London with the necessities of life. I spoke to every butcher in a mile's stroll, and when they understood I was not a London purchaser they told me, to a man, that the most and the best of the beef sold was American—born, bred and dead. In Paris I met not long ago a young English woman.

"Do you really have any good meat in America?" she asked.

"The reason I ask," she continued, "is because the American beef we buy in London is such awfully poor stuff, don't you know. Not many of the tradesmen sell it, but those who do find it so very difficult to compete with our splendid English beef. We never buy the American beef."

Neither do other Londoners; it is always prime English or Scottish—grazed in Montana—London letter to the Chicago Record.

A Man Eaten for Twenty Years.

There is a Jew, a native of Litsk, Russia, living in the East End of London, who has fasted for twenty years, his sole diet during that time, consisting of six pints of milk, three pints of beer, and half a pound of Demerara sugar. His name is Maurice Fox. He is an excellent Talmudical scholar, and, in spite of his frugal meals, he is the most healthy, intelligent, and wide-awake person in his quarter. He is now over forty. At the age of seventeen, it appears, he caught some lingering fever, which shattered his constitution and entirely destroyed his digestive organs. He took many kinds of treatment from different physicians, until his stomach became injured to all medicine. At the Kieff Hospital they vainly tried to cure him by sponging and electrolysis; at Vienna his physicians included the well-known Drs. Albert and Northcote. His treatment at Karlsbad was a failure; then he traveled to Konigsberg, where the physicians decided that he must live on sugar, milk, and beer. He adopted their prescription, and soon regained normal health. For twenty years no solid food has passed his mouth.

Electricity for Toothache.

Toothache is to be cured by a new instrument, consisting of silver and zinc strips of metal, hinged at one end, one strip to rest on the tooth and the other on the gum, forming a metallic circuit to act on the nerve.



HOW TO MAKE RUBBERS LAST.

CHIEF RED CLOUD.

EPISODES IN THE CAREER OF A VERY MISCHIEVOUS INDIAN.

He Was the Most Industrious Medicine Man During the Last Uprising—How He Used His Power—His Shack on the Ogishla Reservation.

Red Cloud is the single survivor of that famous coterie of Sioux Indian leaders of which Old-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horse, Spotted Tail and Sitting Bull helped to make history on the western prairies. It cannot be truthfully said, however, that "Old Red," as he is familiarly known, was as powerful in war or debate as the three great chieftains who have been mentioned. He possessed all their craftiness, and it cannot be denied that he enjoyed certain elements of personal magnetism which marked him as a leader among his tribesmen. He was pre-eminent in planning mischief, but he was, as a rule, mysteriously absent when his plans were carried out according to his mapping.

Perhaps the most atrocious piece of work in which he took a hand was the Fort McKinney massacre, in which over a score of United States soldiers were led into ambush and slaughtered. That was when he was a vigorous young buck. Before this lamentable tragedy "Old Red" was a common mauler, full of devilment and it is probable that he took many a scalp from the wagon trains then on their way to Utah and the land of gold beyond the Rockies.

But for the last thirty years Red Cloud has led a comparatively peaceful life. While his crafty counsel was often sought by his tribesmen, and his rank among them was that of a leader, the government did not clothe him with the dignity of chieftain, but reckoned him only as Red Cloud, powerful enough without a title, and yet too dangerous to be its possessor.

When the Sioux and Cheyennes rebelled against the invasion of gold seekers in the Black Hills in 1876, Red Cloud did not go on the war path, although many of his band cast their fortunes with Sitting Bull, Galt, Grass and Rain-in-the-face and were finally forced to sue for peace on the British line. But while Red Cloud was to all appearances a friendly Indian his heart was with the hostiles, who were encircling the grass along the Little Big Horn with the blood of the Seventh's troopers. Red Cloud, however, was too cunning to leave his agency for war.

It was in consideration of "Old Red's" absence from the theater of conflict that the government built the warrior a substantial two-story frame house at Pine Ridge and painted it white. It is today the most pretentious dwelling on the great Ogishla reservation. The building stands near White Clay creek, some distance from the agency buildings, and at the foot of a long range of buttes.

Red Cloud watched the construction of his house with satisfied curiosity. He figured that it was a sort of payment for his services which the government confiscated during a time when the soldiers were at war with the Sioux and for which he had never received a penny. This bit of robbery, for it amounted to little else, rankled and still rankles in the breast of the old fellow. Always a bitter enemy of the whites, this wholesale swop on his herd forever sealed his hatred. When the house was finished, the carpenters erected a pole in front of the house and hoisted the American flag. The spectacle of the emblem flying above his own abode so angered Red Cloud that he cut the balyards and tore the flag into strips as soon as it fell fluttering to the ground. The staff still stands in front of the house, but no one again tried to float the emblem from its towering peak.

Red Cloud was a very old man when the Sioux war of 1890 filled the west with alarm. Those who were in that campaign well remember him as bent and tottering, wrapped in a long, faded purple overcoat and baggy trousers, the legs of which fell upon a pair of poorly decorated moccasins. His face, deeply creased with the age and woefully shrunken, was made doubly repulsive by a huge pair of blue goggles, which he wore because of his fast-failing sight. Red Cloud wore neither paint nor feathers. He looked like the veriest "coffee cooler" of the agency—a red gnome, a desiccated, ill-smelling savage, who seemed ready to be crunched by the hand of death any time. That was over seven years ago. There is now little left of the Indian who for over thirty generations has been a bloody, crafty yet interesting character of the Sioux nation.

"He fought, but not with love of strife; He struck but to defend; And ere he turned a people's foe, he sought to be a friend; He stood for liberty and truth, and daringly led on; Till shouts of victory gave forth the name of Washington."



RED CLOUD.

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